

## Final Poetry Project: Intuitive Adolescence

### I. Namesake: Introducing Intuitive Adolescence

*Intuitive Adolescence* doubles as the name and primary focus of this collection of works. As this collection is essentially a reflection of my own journey of self-growth, acceptance, and faith, I wanted its title to reflect this period of my life, which, in my eyes, felt like a second puberty of sorts. This sort of second adolescence was one I felt I had great control over, as this period of growth was only able to begin once I truly committed to beginning the lifelong journey of reaching my highest self. Though, like any form of adolescence, one must deal with the challenges of personal development and the inevitable growing pains that come with it, which I worked to echo in each poem within the collection. In beginning this exodus, I looked towards works like Yung Pueblo's *The Way Forward* and Rick Rubin's *The Creative Act* in search of guiding principles to prepare me for said "growing pains." Both Pueblo and Rubin's works led me to find that following one's intuition in every aspect of life echoed and aligned with the sort of blind faith that's found in religion, and the faith that I was simultaneously building within the universe. So, as intuition and growth were guiding factors in my life during the time of this collection's creation, I found *Intuitive Adolescence* to be a fitting title as each poem within this collection exemplifies my self-love journey and its connection with my ever-growing faith in the universe.

### II. The Poetry

As the collection begins with poems written throughout a few month-long period, I decided to order the works (loosely) in the order in which they were written, allowing the reader to follow me on this coming-of-age-esque journey.

#### A. The Beginning

Early poems like *In the In-between*, *Morning Coffee*, and *The Creative Act* are majorly interested in the physical representation of connection with the universe through transcendence, representing how those brand-new feelings of pure love and faith can feel altogether otherworldly but challenging to explain. For

example, *In the In-between* plays with the known and unknown through the unknowability of love, as the narrator struggles at length to ensure that the reader understands a feeling altogether unknowable. For who can *really* explain the ins and outs of why they're drawn to a person? As *In the in-between* deals with the unknowability of how one loves, the narrator promises themselves and the reader that they will love them in all the places where they dislike themselves, which the untrained mind can manifest as envy. Through my own journey of intuitive adolescence, I've realized that envy often reveals what I love or admire in others, reflecting back on my own growth. Loving themselves, then, allows the narrator to love the reader through this mirrored connection of souls, as the narrator is able to see that everything they envy in the reader as simply a reflection of aspects of themselves they've forgotten to admire, and this connection works in the same way for the reader. Yet, to appreciate this connection or "*our promise*," the reader simply has to accept it without fully understanding how or why it works. The reader must accept the unknowability of unconditional love — its essence can't be fully understood, nor can the science behind the connection between souls. Yet, this connection is real, and embracing it requires a blind faith that transcends understanding. The narrator ultimately leaves this decision up to the reader when asking, "*is your love there too?*" solidifying the narrator's and, hopefully, the readers' understanding that offering your love without complete knowledge of who, or what, it is going to is the exact gesture required to showcase one's acceptance of unconditional love.

This same kind of unknowable love and connection can be found in *Morning Coffee* — dealing with the transcendental connection with the universe through faith. As the poem exemplifies a moment of deep connection between myself, my mother, and the universe, *Morning Coffee* showcases how a feeling of true connection can often feel like you are physically there with the person or concept you feel that connection towards. Hence my depiction of literally "parking my bum" next to my creator. In regards to the poem's formatting, Robert Wood Lynn's *Mothman Apologia* deeply inspired me to play with spacing and punctuation as a means of creating meaning. The poem plays with drastic spacing and heavy usage of the em dash to highlight the moments where I could have taken the poem in a different direction yet chose to follow my original intention for the poem's meaning. For example "I wonder if she too / Worries —"

initially moves towards the concept of human beings' power and privilege in the wake of "lesser" beings like inanimate objects. However, I first thought to expand this line toward a conversation about loneliness, a key theme in *Mothman*, yet felt that my focus on power provided a complementary parallel towards my depiction of myself, literally, sitting next to God in the heavens.

*The Creative Act* also plays with unknowability through the body-soul connection. The poem is, quite obviously, inspired by Rubin's quote, "...or by other ways still unknown by which the outside finds its way inside." Within the poem, I view the *outside* as a representation of the divine source and the *inside* as our souls. When writing, I was really interested in the notion that our souls are given to us, especially in the context of intuitive adolescence. During such a period of growth, looking inward toward my soul and internal purpose stayed at the forefront of my mind, allowing me moments like the ones in *The Creative Act*. Actively bringing my attention to the body-soul connection allowed my physical body to enter the *inside* as it connected to the consciousness of my soul, allowing me to truly love the body encasing *me*.

## B. The Eye Of The Storm

*Don't Forget* and *I've Learned to Fall* are much clearer and more beautiful; I've since categorized them as "the eye of the storm" of the collection. *I've Learned to Fall* explores the intimate moments we have with ourselves — moments only so beautiful and authentic as they are, because they're not meant to be shared. While the poem details this sentiment rather explicitly (I say these beautiful things/I wish/I could tell you...), I play with the unknown by ensuring that the reader will never know the exact statement that sparked this poem's inspiration, leaving "the rest for me." *Don't Forget*, as a message to my future self, serves as a reminder to both myself and the reader that it's the moments where the mundane becomes otherworldly that you're working to see in your day to day life, where something as simple as birds flying in unison can feel like a blessing making the "growing pains" of intuitive adolescence all the more worthwhile. These poems represent the beauty within life's stagnant moments where simply appreciating the world around you is enough, but growth does not come without change, and life is not life without challenges.

### C. The Culmination

*Mr. Melancholy* and *I Saw The TV Glow Blue* come right after the more calming poems to more powerfully exemplify the complicated feelings that arise in times of turmoil, where faith and love can begin to feel inaccessible, and a reliance on values and mindsets built during times of peace must come into play as we work to recenter ourselves. *Mr. Melancholy*, heavily influenced by Anne Carson's narrative poetry within *An Autobiography of Red*, is at first simply a story about a pair of skirts my aunt and I purchased, but quickly moves into themes of familial depression, loneliness, and anxiety. *I Saw The TV Glow Blue* works to explain that the previously mentioned "recentering" can happen at any point during your intuitive adolescence as "there is still time." *I Saw The TV Glow Blue* begins with an inverted pyramid shape, the stanza reflecting the author's recognition of their ostracized worldview, one they initially believed was shared by the rest of the world but now recognize how unimportant, it is to the rest of society. Though the second stanza, in an upright pyramid, still works to explain the narrator's feelings of otherness on a more metaphysical plane, the stanza's last line — "Below yours?" — physically and literally exemplifies the narrator's feelings of inferiority as the world they once knew has shown the narrator that their worldview (flipped upside-down in the first stanza) is viewed as less than in the eyes of the rest of the world. The poem then suddenly changes form, moving from personal sorrow to a collective kind, utilizing the world's simplest objects (magnets) to exemplify communal sorrow. With each line carrying multiple meanings shaped by the reader's personal experience, shorter lines and more frequent line breaks become essential in this section, giving each line the space to resonate fully within the reader as they are freed from the constraint of trying to find meaning in an entire sentence and is now urged see the meaning behind each and every word. I also wanted to change forms to exemplify the narrator's acceptance of their situation; while still sorrowful, this portion of the poem is calm. It's also a poem very reliant on its artwork. *I Saw The TV Glow Blue* on its face describes the feeling of loneliness and ostracization, the narrator feeling silenced by a sudden separation of world perception between them and those surrounding them. No one in the poem has explicitly changed their personality, but the narrator feels

this ostracization all the same; the poem's beginning line asks why? A question that can only be answered by the accompanying art — a blown-up version of the American flag featuring a Black hand gripping one of the flag's red stripes. Within the art, I work to showcase the inspiration for this poem; my reaction to the 2024 election results, while feeling trapped in a society I previously believed I was a part of. In the wake of the results, my worldview changed, feeling the stark difference between my worldview and that of those who voted against my rights. As the poem works to depict otherworldly emotions, the imagery points towards a more one-dimensional meaning.

*The Acceptance Series* explores the connection between faith and emotions, delving into how blind faith can alleviate the human urge to identify the source or creator of feelings like fear, hate, and anxiety. The series works to condense the emotional ups and downs of intuitive adolescence through a sort of mini-collection, taking the reader from the beginning of a challenging thought to its consequential whirlwind of emotions, then, finally to the acceptance of feelings of turmoil. Through the beginning of my journey with intuitive adolescence I've learned that sometimes life's lessons on love may come to us in seemingly melancholy forms. For example, a mental breakdown can teach you how to give yourself more grace, and a breakup could help you learn how you want to be loved. *The Acceptance Series* exemplifies one of these hard to learn lessons on a larger scale, as general feelings of fear and anxiety are a little harder to find lessons behind. Nevertheless, it's the acceptance of Source's lesson that makes life wildly easier to enjoy, which is what I worked to exemplify within the mini-series. The art within the series serves as an exemplification of the ups and downs of intuitive adolescence as well. *Maybe the Answer is in Color Theory: Acceptance Phase Two* is paired with a colorful yet chaotic background, exemplifying the spiral of thoughts the poem takes on in its agitated search to find meaning behind all of life's worries. The usage of bright and lively colors within the background art exemplifies the narrator's advancement from Phase 1, confused depression, moving into acceptance's second phase: leaning into positivity yet still being unable to accept life's turmoils. Bright colors reflect this almost annoyingly positive mindset, while the drastic irregularities of form and shape in imagery reflect how easy it is for

one's thoughts to spiral with frustration when trying to give meaning to something only understandable through blind faith.

#### **D. The Structure Of It All**

When I thought about how I wanted the collection to look, I thought it should rely heavily on feeling. With this, I developed my own sort of guidelines on how to achieve this. While I found that some poems already naturally fell into these “guidelines,” some poems underwent serious construction to finally emphasize the feeling I wanted the reader to associate with certain poems. For example, the poems sitting in “the eye of the storm” (*Don't Forget and I've Learned to Fall*) fall on the page's right side, which is my dominant side, the side of my body I am the most comfortable with. With this, I decided that poems and stanzas that calmly exemplify peaceful and accepting mindsets should fall on the right side. Contrastingly, poems and stanzas where I am actively trying to do something *new*, whether that be playing with narrative poetry (see: *Mr. Melancholy*), or reflecting a revelation I've never had before (see: *The Source* and *Okay*), fall on the left side of the page. As for the poems and stanzas running down the middle of the page, I've broken these into two categories. Firstly, poems and stanzas that are contemplative in nature but are not yet spiraling out of control are represented by shorter lines running down the middle of the page because my idea of the mind feels quite *centered*. (see: *In the In-Between*, *The Creative Act*, *etc.*) Finally, the poems and stanzas where I let my mind run rampant, spiraling out of control, take the form of chunky prose paragraphs as they reflect the only form of writing that I allow myself to truly let go of conventional restraints: journal entries! (See: *Morning Coffee*, *The Source*, and *Maybe the Answer is in Color Theory*.)

**In the In-Between**

in between you  
And me — i am

Do with that what you will.

in my jealousy for you —  
of you  
i am there

In the in-between

like the blue cloud inside  
my chest  
whispers of my love exist  
I promise. between you  
and I

In the in between.  
Do I make sense?

in speaking — from myself  
Now  
I know we crave. clarity

I hate twisting my words in such  
a-way  
But I can't explain in any other.  
I could write you an essay but

i don't want to lose  
You  
because, like I exist  
between us  
you — are there  
HERE

Am I making sense?  
Is this fair?

Not to me, the second-guessing,  
I mean. Is twisting my words like so  
Fair to us? For us?  
all I know is what  
i've promised

In showing you how to find my love,  
I've learned about us both

Isn't that beautiful ? you  
and I. Our promise —  
That has its own in-  
between

is your love there too?



## Morning Coffee

i'm sure there are a million poems named morning coffee.  
 "You're my everything, morning coffee."  
 sounds like an awful way to start my own poem      about mourning      coffee.

sometimes,      on mornings like this one      —      when the sky  
                  is blue      where our God sits      then becomes  
 the white      lingering under the noses of      new york city sinners      —  
                  on mornings like these      I become a part      of the sky  
 where GOD      parks his heavenly bum.      and I bring my      morning coffee  
 with me      and i'm warm      because my journey      wasn't so long that  
                  the crema      still sits atop, my small bit      of home.  
                  on mornings like this one      where I can      park my bum  
                  next to My Mother      I like to think of      my momma.  
 I wonder if      she too enjoys      the connection      to home  
 when releasing her air      gently now,      atop the crema      —  
 I wonder if she too      Worries      —      if it's connection      or power  
                  that makes      Crema      so wonderful      to manipulate.

### The Creative Act

“... or by other ways still unknown by which the outside finds its way inside.”

What if  
Your soul  
Is from the outside?  
Never connected  
To your Body  
Until you wished  
It  
To be.  
Until you  
Touch yourself  
And feel the throat  
Hitch  
With a passion  
For your body  
So strong  
You make a pact  
And for the first time  
Your body  
Is really yours  
And each  
Touch  
Begins to feel like  
Wisps of  
You  
undoubtedly — touching  
Your body  
I wouldn't say *electric*,  
But *infused*  
And if you can get past  
The shiver  
You can feel  
Bits of love  
Left behind.  
So, maybe,

Instead of finding  
it's way Inside  
It shows us pieces of itself  
On the Outside  
Guiding us  
Towards our understanding.

## Don't Forget

I love.  
the way the last of a tree's leaves wrap around it's trunk  
in a final caress  
before winter lays its white blanket over the earth  
allowing us a time  
to look inward  
and find the warmth  
within ourselves.

o

you were blessed to see  
the sea of trees amidst the changing seasons  
variations of colors you thought were known  
but we're painted with the beauty of change

a cargo train  
different colored cars  
gliding through the sea

as

man and earth gracefully collide  
yin and yang

as mementos of the heavens  
flutter through our scene  
turning our minds upward  
to see this moment

our moment  
as everything  
is everything.

**I've learned to Fall**

I see it in the trees here.  
In that tree.  
Next to the library I used to work at.  
The rest is for me.

I say these beautiful things  
I wish  
I could tell you  
But I  
can't remember them  
And I  
don't write them down  
In the moment  
Because  
it steals  
the beauty,  
of connection.  
I won't  
forsake  
the Peace  
that allowed me to say  
what beautiful words  
I said  
when I said them.

# I Saw The TV Glow Blue

What does it mean when your world begins — to feel Not real and I don't mean  
 \*unreal\* or \*fake,\* I mean to say Not Real. I wonder  
 what it is About a moment that pushes us away? That makes  
 Our hearts THUMP↓ a little faster Because we know  
 We have entered A realm all too  
 Unfamiliar

•

The Walls  
 Feel— a bit too far  
 Away, the shadows, placed,  
 On purpose. And people are still themselves but I know  
 If I chose to speak no one would hear me. And, the longer I Stay Away  
 People stop seeing ME too. When did our worlds separate? When did mine, move  
 Below yours?

•

When you try —  
 To force two magnets  
 That *repel*  
 You create  
 A plane where  
 Nothing exists but  
 Refusal.  
 A space where no one  
 Can Feel  
 Anyone.

Where no one can

Connect.  
 Flip.

Speak.

Listen.  
 See.

There is still time.

## Mr. Melancholy : I Saw The TV Glow In Century City

I own a skirt I own two skirts the same skirt  
 In different colors  
 I was with my Aunt when I saw them for the first time.  
 I can't remember which came first.  
 Orange or Black → the Moon's craters or our Sunset?  
 Mr. Melancholy or The Pink Opaque  
 I told my Aunt that I didn't need  
 Both  
 The black felt depressing, but I thought it might make me  
 Fit in more.  
 The orange was LOUD → BEAUTIFUL → ATTENTION GRABBING.  
 I thought *those people* might find it annoying.  
 It was an acquired taste, like myself.  
 My Aunt bought Mr. Melancholy, I bought the SUN.

•

I wondered if my Aunt was one of his Agents —  
 Mr. Melancholy said trust no one.  
 My Aunt has met him. Mr. Melancholy, many times before.  
 So have I.  
 The first day I wore the Night, I had an awful day.  
 I haven't worn it since.  
 But I won't throw him away.  
 They come as a pair. I DECIDED THAT.  
 The man in the moon is stuck.  
 And when you're trapped, sadness becomes anger quickly.

I've met Mr. melancholy before.  
 So has my Aunt.  
 He's scary. Sometimes.  
 So is the sun.

*The Acceptance Series*

**The Source :  
Acceptance Phase One**

I knew there would be another  
challenge.

I knew because you  
told me.

You whispered to me

In

A sea of everyone       elses

Rules.

You told me between  
walls of knowledge.

•

I asked if I should be worried by. My worry. But I'm not sure how That, would work. Even if you did say  
yes how can I find the source of my worry before the cause of it presents itself in front of me?

•

You were right —

Of course,

I can not know

The Source

Until I

Introduce My

Self.

Until I wish

To see.

you

Thank you.

I still feel

Shame,

For something

That has nothing

To do

With Shame.



**Maybe the Answer is in Color Theory :  
Acceptance Phase Two**

How can I uncloud my own light?

How can I pull the red and black from

My Blue?

When everything — is made of gas? Maybe I can blow It away? Maybe —

Blue can electrocute red. Maybe

Love, can swallow hate.

If I hug black vapor will it hug me back?

If I told my black cloud, that it is loved, would it still be black?

Would it still be — opaque?

Or will red and black smoothly fade —

Back

In-

to

Blue

?

I hope so.

I don't know

Any other

Way

I KNOW

MY OWN

WAY.

*okay*  
**Acceptance Phase Three**

I'm thankful — you told me!  
Not to worry  
About my  
Worry  
What is my life  
If all I  
Could do        was  
worry?  
Not a life.  
You had by back  
Anyways  
I knew that.  
I  
KNOW  
THAT  
It's why  
I stopped —  
Worrying.

Thank you —  
For preparing me  
For The Source  
Of my worry  
Thank you —  
For showing me  
How to  
Love,

Red and black.  
I still don't  
Know  
If They  
Could ever turn  
Blue  
But  
I don't think  
I'd want them to.  
I love.  
How red  
Will always

Stand up  
For Me.  
I Love.  
How black  
Will always  
Show me  
How I can  
Grow stronger  
While I may run

On Blue

We  
Are  
Light.